

## THE DYING LOVER.

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Spread their summer charms for thee;  
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Lay the jewell'd wreath aside,  
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Dwell with thee, my lovely bride;  
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As he sunk deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seeming to grapple with it as with a human enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his comrades above. Sometimes the holes were far apart, and, in striding from one to the other, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and, as he stood swaying and tottering for a moment, a smothered cry burst from the hearts of the spectators, converted into a shout of triumph and applause as he suddenly sprang forward another step, plunged his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were too deep—a still more imminent danger; and once or twice there was nothing visible of the adventurer above the surface but his arms and head, his wild eyes glaring like those of a

water-demon amidst the spray, and his teeth seen fiercely clenched through the dripping and disordered mustachio. The wind, in the meantime, increased every moment; and, as it swept moaning through the chasm, whenever it struck the river, the black waters rose with a burst and a shriek.

The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. What was gained by the exploit? The rope, stretched across the chasm, and fastened firmly at either side, was as good as Waterloo Bridge to the gallant Frenchmen! General Balthazard himself was the first to follow the volunteer; and after him a thousand men—knapsacked, armed, and accoutred—swung themselves, one by one, across the abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an Alpine torrent their only looting.

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By the author of "Vivian Grey."

"We have received these volumes somewhat too late to afford them and their gifted writer so prolonged a criticism as we could wish. The time has gone by for us to criticise the former works of Mr. D'Israeli; to point out the faults and beauties of "Vivian Grey"—the racy and felicitous satire of "Poponilla," (a work to which the world has not yet done justice)—or the various errors which marred the excellent conception of the "Young Duke." Of "Contarini Fleming" we have, within the last few months, recorded our opinion; it is the highest and the most matured of Mr. D'Israeli's novels—a work in which he has begun to learn that an author is an artist.—The novel before us is not without glaring faults, but it is full of all sorts of beauties. The Tale of Aloy is a kind of prose opera; the same gorgeousness of scene—the same floridity of sentiment—the same union of music, pageantry, and action, that allure us at the King's Theatre—dazzle, and sometimes almost fatigue us from their very brilliancy, in the volumes now before us. Debarred the stage in its present state, for which the talents of the author are peculiarly suited, Mr. D'Israeli embodies stage effects in a romance. Hence much of a certain startling and meretricious abruptness of style, which we cannot persuade ourselves to admire; hence, too, much of a poetical rhythm—evidently intended by the author (and not the result of negligence)—which, in the midst of a prose work, runs with a displeasing sweetness on the ear. Many of the sentences glide into "regular metre," as the following (we break the words printed as prose, into blank verse).—

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tude; and perhaps ten years ago we should have been criticising the poem—as fifty years ago we should have been crowding to the tragedy—and this day we are reviewing the romance—of Alroy, the ambitious aspirant to the Eastern thrones. The subject is conceived with great boldness—the plot is perfectly original—it is essentially and even superbly dramatic. An Israelite of the name of David Alroy, who existed in the middle ages, assumed to himself the ambition of a king, and the sanctity of a Messiah. Assembling the Jewish tribes inhabiting the vicinity of the Mount of Chophtha, he taught them to obey, to believe, and to make war. It is the career of this bold impostor that the author has traced. The dullest reader will perceive how rich are the materials he has employed—how full a scope the narrative presents for stirring adventure and for gorgeous description. The author, too, is no fireside delineator of fancied pictures. He has visited the vast plains and the mighty ruins, the burning deserts and the mystic rivers he describes: he assists his imagination by his memory. In selecting extracts from the work, we are made the more susceptible of its genius and its defects; it is too *achingly* brilliant—it wants repose; every page of the narrative is loaded with poetical adornment.

But the finest scene in the book, perhaps, and a scene full of a very high and dark order of imagination, is to be found in Alroy's successful enterprise for the sceptre of Solomon. To obtain this treasure, he braves the power of the Afrites, those terrible geni of the eastern superstition. And here the author exerts all the power, and calls in all the aid of imaginative poetry.

"In the range of mountains that lead from Olivet to the river Jordan is the great cavern of Gentesma, a mighty excavation formed by the combined immemorial work of nature and of art. For on the high basaltic columns are cut strange characters and unearthly forms, and in many places the natural ornaments have been completed by the hands of the sculptor into symmetrical entablatures and fanciful capitals. The work, they say, of captive Dives and conquered Afrites, for the great king.

It was midnight; the cold full moon showered its brilliancy upon this narrow valley, shut in on all sides by black and barren mountains. A single being stood at the entrance of the cave.

It was Alroy. Desperate and determined, after listening to the two spirits in the tomb, he was resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Gentesma.

A small and bright red cloud seemed sailing towards him. It opened, discharged from its bosom a silvery star, and dissolved again into darkness. But the star remained, the silvery star, and threw a long line of tremulous light upon the vast and raging rapid, which now, fleet, and foaming, revealed itself on all sides to the eye of Alroy.

The beautiful interposition in his favour reanimated the adventurous pilgrim. A dark shadow in the fore ground, breaking the line of light shed by the star upon the waters, attracted his attention. He advanced, regained his former footing, and more nearly examined it. It was a boat, and in the boat, mute and immovable, sat one of those vast, singular, and hideous forms which he had observed sculptured on the walls of the gallery.

David Alroy, committing his fortunes to the God of Israel, leapt into the boat.

And at the same moment the Afrite, for it was one of those dread beings, raised the oars, and the boat moved. The falling waters suddenly parted in the long line of the star's reflection, and the bark glided through their high and severed masses.

In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. Alroy examined his companion with a feeling of curiosity not unmixed with terror. It was remarkable that Alroy could never

succeed in any way attracting his notice. The Afrite seemed totally unconscious of the presence of his passenger. At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked.

He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy, proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain.

To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet were Jehosaphat, Kedron, Siloah; he stood upon Olivet; before him was Zion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon, a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Zion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates and pillars, and garden terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine.

And in the front a mighty temple rose, with inspiration in its very form, a Temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence!

The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings; and, as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated in solemn chorus, 'All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother king. Thy crown awaits thee!'

The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had a little recovered himself, and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were re-seated; and, from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced.

And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch in spite of his disrowned head.

And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stolen on without its imperfections, and time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the king was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love, and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And farther on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne, one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a

god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre.

And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and, without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step.

The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention or to fix his gaze.—The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things, but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy.

Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires, and all his labours. But he thought of his country, his people and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness, grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor.

And, as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight!

These extracts will suffice to give the reader a notion of the power of language, and the glowing fancy, which are exhibited in the 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy.' It is a work far more adapted for popularity than 'Contarini Fleming.' It is full of incident—of stir and passion—of wild and melodramatic adventure. It will doubtless be adapted to the stage, for which it is eminently well suited. Its faults we have already hinted at: viz. a diction too often rhythmical—a brilliancy too often meretricious—an imagination too often exaggerated. But there is always metal beneath its exuberant floridity—the sword of the thyrsus as well as the flowers. To the tale of Alroy, which occupies about two volumes and a half, is added a story of simpler and less elaborate materials, but upon one of the noblest subjects that ever flashed on the conception of the romance-writer or the poet—viz. the 'Rise of Iskander.' The two tales form a consistent and harmonious whole—there is a connexion as well as a contrast—between the fall of an impostor, and the rise of a patriot.

We cordially recommend these remarkable volumes to the attention they will doubtless receive: to the common reader, their exciting narrative and glowing diction will be their best charm—to a more examining and critical reader, we beg to observe that to us it seems necessary, in order fairly to judge the degree of merit to which they attain, to compare them to no every-day standard of romantic fiction. It will not be fair to apply to writings evidently written upon poetical models, the canons only of prose."

#### THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

We annex the conclusion of this singular story. It affords a curious variety. We trust that its picture of Irish *pedagogism* is not warranted by real life:—

The master, who feared that this open contempt of his authority, running up as it did into a very unpleasant species of retaliation, was something like a signal for him to leave the parish, felt rather more of the penitent the next morning than did any of his pupils. He was by no means displeased, therefore, to see them drop in about the usual hour. They came, however, not one by one, but in compact groups, each officered by two or three of the larger boys; for they feared that had they entered singly, he might have punished them singly until his vengeance should be satisfied. It was by bitter and obstinate struggles that they succeeded in repressing their mirth, when he appeared at his desk with one of his eyes literally closed, and his nose considerably improved in size and

richness of colour. When they were all assembled, he hemmed several times, and in a woe-begone tone of voice, split—by a feeble attempt at maintaining authority, and suppressing his terrors—into two parts that jarred most ludicrously, he briefly addressed them as follows:—

'Gentlemen classics—I have been now twenty-six years engaged in the propagation of Latin and Greek literature, in conjunction with mathematics, but never until yesterday has my influence been spurned; never until yesterday have sacrilegious hands been laid upon my person; never until yesterday have I been kicked—insidiously, ungallantly, and treacherously kicked—by my own subjects. No, gentlemen—and whether I ought to bestow that respectable epithet upon you after yesterday's proceedings, is a matter which admits of dispute;—never before has the lid of my eye been laid drooping, and that in such a manner that I must blind to the conduct of half my pupils, whether I will or not. No king can consider himself properly such, until after he has received the oil of consecration; but you, it appears, think differently. You have unkinged me first, and anointed me afterwards; but I say, no potentate would relish such unction. It smells confoundedly of republicanism. Maybe this is what you understand by the Republic of Letters; but if it be, I would advise you to change your principles. You treated my ribs as if they were the ribs of a common man; my shins you took liberties with even to excoecration; my head you made a target of for your hardest turf; and my nose you dishonoured to my face. Was this generous? was it discreet? was it subordinate? and, above all, was it classical? However, I will show you what greatness of mind is; I will convince you that it is more noble and god-like to forgive an injury, or rather five dozen injuries, than to avenge one; when—hem—yes, I say, when I—I—might so easily avenge it. I now present you with an amnesty; return to your allegiance; but never, while in this siminary, under my tuition, attempt to take the execution of the laws into your own hands. Homerians, come up?'

This address, into which he purposely threw a dash of banter and mock gravity, delivered with the accompaniments of his swelled nose and drooping eye, pacified his audience more readily than a serious one would have done. It was received without any reply or symptom of disrespect, unless the occasional squeak of a suppressed laugh, or the visible shaking of many sides with inward convulsions, might be termed such.

In the course of the day, it is true, their powers of maintaining gravity were put to a severe test, particularly when, while hearing a class, he began to adjust his drooping eyelid, or coax back his nose into its natural position. On these occasions a sudden pause might be noticed in the business of the class; the boy's voice who happened to read at the time would fail him; and on resuming his sentence by command of the master, it's tone was tremulous, and scarcely adequate to the task of repeating the words without his bursting into laughter. The master observed all this clearly enough, but his mind was already made up to take no further notice of what had happened.

All this, however, conduced to render the situation of the poor scholar much more easy, or rather less penal, than it would otherwise have been. Still the innocent lad was on all possible occasions a butt for this miscreant. To miss a word was a pretext for giving him a cruel blow. To arrive two or three minutes later than the appointed hour was certain on his part to be attended with immediate punishment. Jemmy bore it all with silent heroism. He shed no tear—he uttered no remonstrance; but under the anguish of pain so barbarously inflicted, he occasionally looked round upon his schoolfellows with an expression of silent entreaty that was seldom lost upon them. Cruel to him the master often was, but to inhuman

barbarity the large scholars never permitted him to descend. Whenever any of the wealthier farmers' sons had neglected their lessons or deserved chastisement, the mercenary creature substituted a joke for the birch; but as soon as the son of a poor man, or which was better still, the poor scholar, came before him, he transferred that punishment which the wickedness or idleness of respectable boys deserved, to his or their shoulders. For this outrageous injustice the hard-hearted old villain had some plausible excuse ready, so that it was in many cases difficult for Jemmy's generous companions to interfere in his behalf, or parry the sophistry of such a petty tyrant.

In this miserable way did he pass over the tedious period of a year, going about every night in rotation with the scholars, and severely beaten on all possible occasions by the master. His conduct and manners won him the love and esteem of all except his tyrant instructor. His assiduity was remarkable, and his progress in the elements of English and classical literature surprisingly rapid. This added considerably to his character, and procured him additional respect. It was not long until he made himself useful and obliging to all the boys beneath his standing in the school. These services he rendered with an air of such kindness, and a grace so naturally winning, that the attachment of his schoolfellows increased towards him from day to day. Thady was his patron on all occasions: neither did the curate neglect him.—The latter was his banker, for the boy had very properly committed his purse to his keeping. At the expiration of every quarter, the schoolmaster received the amount of his bill, which he never failed to send in when due.

Jemmy had not, during his first year's residence in the south, forgotten to request the kind curate's interference with the landlord, on behalf of his father. To be the instrument of restoring his family to their former comfortable holding under Colonel B—, would have afforded him, without excepting the certainty of his own eventual success, the highest gratification.—Of this, however, there was no hope, and nothing remained for him but assiduity in his studies, and patience under the merciless scourge of his teacher. In addition to an engaging person and agreeable manners, nature had gifted him with a high order of intellect, and great powers of acquiring knowledge. The latter he applied to the business before him with indefatigable industry. The school at which he settled was considered the first in Munster; and the master, notwithstanding his known severity, stood high, and justly so, in the opinion of the people, as an excellent classical and mathematical scholar. Jemmy applied himself to the study of both, and at the expiration of his second year had made such progress, that he stood without a rival in the school.

It is usual, as we have said, for the poor scholar to go night after night in rotation with his schoolfellows; he is particularly welcome in the houses of those farmers whose children are not so far advanced as himself. It is expected that he should instruct them in the evenings, and enable them to prepare their lessons for the following day—a task which he always performs with pleasure, because in teaching them he is confirming his own mind in the knowledge which he has previously acquired. Towards the end of the second year, however, he ceased to circulate in this manner. Two or three of the most independent parishioners, whose sons were only commencing their studies, agreed to keep him week about; an arrangement highly convenient to him, as by that means he was not so frequently dragged, as he had been, to the remotest parts of the parish. Being an expert penman, he acted also as secretary of grievances to the poor, who frequently employed him to draw up petitions to obdurate landlords, or to their more obdurate agents, and letters to soldiers in all parts of the world, from their anxious and affectionate relations. All

these little services he performed kindly and promptly; many a blessing was fervently invoked upon his head; the 'good word' and 'tho-prayer' were all they could afford, as they said, 'to the bouchal dhas age' that tuck the world an' him for sake o' the larnin', an' that hasn't the kindness o' the mother's breath an' the mother's hand near him, the crathur.'

About the middle of the third year he was once more thrown upon the general hospitality of the people. The three farmers with whom he had lived for the preceding six months emigrated to America, as did many others of that class which, in this country, most nearly approximate to the substantial yeomanry of England. The little purse, too, which he had placed in the hands of the kind priest, was exhausted; a season of famine, sickness and general distress, had set in; and the master, on understanding that he was without money, became diabolically savage. In short, the boy's difficulties increased to a perplexing degree. Even Thady and his grown companions, who usually interposed in his behalf when the master became excessive in correcting him, had left the school, and now the prospect before him was dark and cheerless indeed. For a few months longer, however, he struggled on, meeting every difficulty with meek endurance. Since his very boyhood he had revered the sanctions of religion, and was actuated by a 'strong devotional spirit. He trusted in God, and worshipped him night and morning with a sincere heart.

At this crisis he was certainly an object of pity; his clothes, which for some time before were reduced to tatters, he had replaced by a cast-off coat and small clothes, a present from his friend the curate, who never abandoned him. This worthy young man could not afford him money, for as he had but fifty pounds a year, with which to clothe, subsist himself, keep a horse, and pay rent, it was hardly to be expected that his benevolence could be extensive. In addition to this, famine and contagious disease raged with formidable violence in the parish; so that the claims upon his bounty of hundreds who lay huddled together in cold cabins, in out-houses, and even behind ditches, were incessant as well as heart-rending. The number of interments that took place daily in the parish was awful; nothing could be seen but funerals attended by groups of ragged and emaciated creatures, from whose hollow eyes gleamed forth the wolfish fire of famine. The wretched mendicants were countless, and the number of coffins that lay on the public roads—where, attended by the nearest relatives of the deceased, they had been placed for the purpose of procuring charity—were greater than ever had been remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the state of the parish when our poor scholar complained one day in school of severe illness. The early symptoms of the prevailing epidemic were well known, and, on examining more closely into his situation, it was clear, that, according to the phraseology of the people, he had 'got the fever on his back'—had caught 'a heavy load of the fever.' The Irish are particularly apprehensive of contagious maladies. The moment it had been discovered that Jemmy was infected, his schoolfellows avoided him with a feeling of terror scarcely credible, and the inhuman master was delighted at any circumstance, however calamitous, that might afford him a pretext for driving the friendless youth out of the school. 'Take,' said he, 'every thing belongin' to you out of my establishment: you were always a plague to me, but now more than ever. Be quick, sarra, and nidificate for yourself somewhere else. Do you want to translate my siminary into an hospital, and myself into Lazarus, as president? Go off, you wild goose, and conjugate *agrote* wherever you find a convenient spot to do it in.'

The poor boy silently, and with difficulty, arose,

\*The pretty young boy. Boy in Ireland does not always imply youth.



collected his books, and slinging on his satchel, looked to his schoolfellows, as if he had said, 'which of you will afford me a place where to lay my aching head?' All, however, kept aloof from him—he had caught the contagion, and the contagion, they knew, had swept the people away in vast numbers.

At length he spoke: 'Is there any boy among you,' he inquired, 'who will bring me home? You know I am a stranger, an' far from my own, God help me!'

This was followed by a profound silence. Not one of those who had so often befriended him, or who would on any other occasion share their bed and their last morsel with him, would even touch his person much less allow him, when thus plague-stricken, to take shelter under their roof. Such are the effects of selfishness, when it is opposed only by the force of those natural qualities that are not elevated into a sense of duty by clear and profound views of christian truth. It is one thing to perform a kind action from constitutional impulse, and another to perform it as a duty, perhaps contrary to that impulse.

Jemmy on finding himself avoided like a Hebrew leper of old, silently left the school, and walked on without knowing whither he should ultimately direct his steps. He thought of his friend the priest, but the distance between him and his place of abode was greater, he felt, than his illness would permit him to travel. He walked on, therefore, in such a state of misery and dereliction as can scarcely be conceived much less described. His head ached excessively, an intense pain shot like death pangs through his lower back and loins, his face was flushed, and his head giddy. In this state he proceeded without money or friends, without a house to shelter him, a bed on which to lie, far from his own relations, and with the prospect of death under circumstances peculiarly dreadful, before him! He tottered on, however, the earth, as he imagined, reeling under him; the heavens, he thought, streaming with fire, and the earth indistinct and discoloured. Home, the paradise of the absent—home, the heaven of the affections—with all its tenderness and blessed sympathies, rushed upon his heart. His father's deep but quiet kindness, his mother's sedulous love; his brothers—all that they had been to him—these, with their thousand heart-stirring associations, started into life before him again and again. But he was now ill, and the mother—ah! the enduring sense of that mother's love placed her brightest, and strongest, and tenderest, in the far and distant group which his imagination bodied forth.

'Mother!' he exclaimed, 'oh, mother, why—why did I ever leave you? Mother! the son you loved is dyin' without a kind word—lonely and neglected in a strange land! Oh, my own mother! why did I ever leave you?'

The conflict between his illness and his affections overcame him: he staggered—he grasped as if for assistance at the vacant air—he fell, and lay for some time in a state of insensibility.

The season was then that of midsummer, and early meadows were falling before the scythe. As the boy sank to the earth, a few labourers were eating their scanty dinner at bread and milk so near him, that only a dry low ditch ran between him and them. They had heard his words indistinctly, and one of them was putting the milk-bottle to his lips, when, attracted by the voice, he looked in the direction of the speaker, and saw him fall. They immediately recognised 'the poor scholar,' and in a moment were attempting to recover him.

'Why thin, my poor fellow, what's a shaughran wid you?'

Jemmy stared for a moment about him, and asked, 'Where am I?'

'Faith, thin you're in Rory Connor's field, widin a few perches of the high road. But what ails you, poor boy?—it is sick you are?'

'It is,' he replied; 'I have got the fever. I had to

lave school; none o' them would take me home, an' I doubt I must die in a Christian country, under the open canopy of heaven. Oh, for God's sake don't lave me! Bring me to some hospital, or into the next town, where people may know that I'm sick, an' maybe some kind Christian will relieve me!'

The moment he mentioned 'Fever,' the men involuntarily drew back, after having laid him reclining against the green ditch.

'Thin thunder and turf, what's to be done?' exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. 'Is the poor boy to die without help among Christyens like uz?'

The story of the poor scholar's sufferings need be pursued no farther. He excited the compassion of some kind-hearted individuals, who took care of him till he recovered. He returned to Munster, and by means of his early friend, the curate, the story of his father's wrongs, and his own virtuous endeavours to procure education so as to enable him to rescue his parents from poverty, were made known to Col. B—, the proprietor of the estate on which he was born. Old Dominick M'Evoy, his father, was restored to his farm. Jemmy also was made happy in being sent at the colonel's expense, first to a boarding school, and next to college, where he completed his education.

After a lapse of years, he resolved on returning to his native home to see his parents. He travelled slowly, and, as every well-known hill or lake appeared to him, his heart beat quickly, his memory gave up its early stores, and his affections prepared themselves for the trial that was before them.

'It is better for me not to arrive,' thought he, 'until the family shall have returned from their daily labour, and are collected about the hearth.'

In the meantime, many an impression of profound and fervid piety came over him, when he reflected upon the incontrovertible proofs of providential protection and interference, which had been, during his absence from home, under his struggles, and in his good fortune, so clearly laid before him. 'Deep,' he exclaimed, 'is the gratitude I owe to God for this; may I never forget to acknowledge it!'

It was now about seven o'clock; the evening was calm, and the sun shone with that clear amber light which gives warmth, and the power of exciting tenderness, to natural scenery. He had already gained the ascent which commanded a view of the rich sweep of country that reposed below. There it lay—his native home—his native parish—bathed in the light and glory of the hour. Its fields were green—its rivers shining like loosened silver—its meadows already studded with hay-cocks, its green pastures covered with sheep, and its unruffled lakes reflecting the hills under which they lay. Here and there a gentleman's residence rose among the distant trees, and well did he recognise the church spire that cut into the western sky on his right. It is true, nothing of the grandeur and magnificence of nature was there; every thing was simple in its beauty. The quiet charm, the serene light, the air of happiness and peace that reposed upon all he saw, stirred up a thousand tender feelings in a heart whose gentle character resembled that of the prospect which it felt so exquisitely. The smoke of a few farm-houses and cottages rose in blue graceful columns to the air, giving just that appearance of life which was necessary; and a figure or two, with lengthened shadows, moved across the fields and meadows a little below where he stood.

But our readers need not be told that there was one spot which, beyond all others, rivetted his attention. On that spot his eager eye rested long and intensely. The spell of its remembrance had clung to his early heart! he had never seen it in his dreams without weeping; and often had the agitation of his imaginary sorrow awoke him with his eye-lashes steeped in tears. He looked down on it steadily. At length he was moved with a strong sensation like grief: he sobbed

twice or thrice, and the tears rolled in showers from his eyes. His gathering affections were relieved by this; he felt lighter, and in the same slow manner rode onward to his father's house.

To this there were two modes of access; one by a paved bridle-way, or *boreen*, that ran up directly before the door—the other by a green lane, that diverged from the *boreen* about a furlong below the house. He took the latter, certain that the family could not notice his approach, nor hear the noise of his horse's footsteps, until he could arrive at the very threshold.

On dismounting, he felt that he could scarcely walk. He approached the door, however, as steadily as he could. He entered—and the family, who had just finished their supper, rose up, as a mark of their respect to the stranger.

'Is this,' he inquired, 'the house in which Dominick M'Evoy lives?'

'That's my name, Sir,' replied Dominick.

'The family, I trust, are—all—well? I have been desired—but no—no—I cannot—I cannot—FATHER! MOTHER!'

'It's him!' shrieked the mother—'It's himself!—Jemmy!'

'Jemmy! Jemmy!' shouted the father, with a cry of joy which might be heard far beyond the house.

'Jemmy!—our poor Jemmy!—Jemmy!' exclaimed his brothers and sister.

'Aye, childhre,' said the father—'aye; let the mother to him—let her to him. Who has the right that she has?—Vana, ashore—Vana, think of yourself. God of heaven! what is comin' over her?—Her brain's turned!'

'Father, don't remove her,' said the son. 'Leave her arms where they are; it's long since they encircled my neck before. Often—often would I have given the wealth of the universe to be encircled in my blessed and beloved mother's arms! Yes, yes!—Weep, my father—weep, each of you. You see those tears;—consider them as a proof that I have never forgotten you! Beloved mother; recollect yourself; she knows me not—her eyes wander!—I fear the shock has been too much for her. Place a chair at the door, and I will bring her to the air.'

After considerable effort, the mother's faculties were restored so far as to be merely conscious that our hero was her son. She had not yet shed a tear, but now she surveyed his countenance, smiled, and named him, placed her hands upon him, and examined his dress with a singular blending of conflicting emotions, but still without being thoroughly collected.

She smiled—but only for a moment. She looked at him, laid his head upon her bosom, bedewed his face with her tears, and muttered out, in a kind of sweet, musical cadence, the Irish cry of joy.

We are incapable of describing this scene further. Our readers must be contented to know, that the delight and happiness of our hero's whole family were complete. Their son, after many years of toil and struggle, had at length succeeded, by a virtuous course of action, in raising them from poverty to comfort, and in effecting his own object, which was, to become a member of the priesthood. During all his trials he never failed to rely on God; and it is seldom that those who rely upon Him, when striving to attain a laudable purpose, are ever ultimately disappointed.

We regret to inform our readers that the poor scholar is dead! He did not, in fact, long survive the accomplishment of his wishes. But as we had the particulars of his story from his nearest friends, we thought, his virtues of too exalted a nature to pass into oblivion without some record, however humble. He died as he had lived—the friend of God and of man.

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